RUDYARD KIPLING AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

Cutting Notes on America by the India-English Author.

MAD ABOUT COPYRIGHT.

Incisive Jabs at the Hotel Clerk, Catarrh and Other Defects in American Character.

orene, indifferent to fate, non sitest at the Western gate; non sixest the white seas fold their tents, b, waider of two continents, non drawest all things, small and great, thee, beside the Western Gate.



HIS is what Bret Harte has writen of the great city of San Francisco, and for the past fortnight I have been wondering what made him do it.

There is neither seren ity nor indifference to be found in these parts: and evil would it be for the continents whose wardship were intrusted to

to rockless a guardian

Behold me pitched neck-and-crop from twenty lays of the high sons into the whirl of California, deprived of any guidance and left to fraw my own conclusions. Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be over road by American eyes. San Francisco is a mad city-inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty.

When the City of Pekin steamed through the Golden Gate I saw with great joy that the block house which guarded the mouth of the "finest harbor in the world, sir," could be silenced by two gunboats from Hong Kong with safety, comfort and despatch. Also, there was not a single American vessel of war in the harbor.

This may sound bloodthirsty; but remember, I had come with a grievance upon me-the griev ance of the pirated English books. FEES A REPORTER.

Then a reporter leaped aboard and ere I could gasp held me in his toils. He pumped me exhaustively while I was getting ashore, demanding of all things in the world news about Indian journalism. It is an awful thing to enter a new land with a new lie on your lips. I spoke the truth to the evil minded Custom House man who turned my most sacred raiment on a floor composed of stable refuse and pine splinters; but the reporter overwhelmed me not so much by his polgnant audacity as his beautiful ignorance. I am sorry now that I did not tell him more lies as I passed into a city of three hundred thousand white men. Think of ii! Three hundred thousand white men and women gathered in one spot, walking upon real pavements in front of plate glass windowed shops and talking something that at first hearing was not very different from English. It was only when I had tangled myself up in a hopeless maze of small wooden houses, dust, street refuse and children who played with empty kerosone tins, that I discovered the difference of speech.

"You want to go to the Palace Hotel?" said an affable youth on a dray. "What in hell are you doing here, then? This is about the lowest ward in the city. Go six blocks north to corner of Geary and Markey, then walk around till you strike cor-ner of Gutter and Sixteenth and that brings you

ner of Gutter and Sixteenth and that brings you nere."

I do not vouch for the literal accuracy of these directions, quoting but from a disordered memory "Areen," I said. "But who am I that I should strike the corners of such as you name? Peradventure they be gentlemen of repute, and might hit back. Bring it down to dots, my son."

I thought he would have smitten me, but he didn't. He explained that no one ever used the word street, and that every one was supposed to know how the streets ran, for sometimes the names were up on the lamps and sometimes they weren't. Fortified with these directions I proceeded till I found a mighty street, full of sumptuous buildings four and five stories high, but paved with rude cobblestones, after the fashion of the year 1.

ANYTHING TO SAVE THE BALLOON! WHAT GOES NEXT?



tion of the streets. I asked for no names. It was enough that the paraments were full of white men and women, the streets clanging with traffic and that the restful roar of a great city rang in my cars. The cable cars gilded to all points of the compass at once. I took them one by one till toolid go no further. San Francisco has been pitched down on the sand bunkors of the Bikanest from the sea—auv old-timers will tell you all about that. The remainder is just ragged, unthrifty sand hills, to-day peggred down by houses.

From an English not of view there has not been the least attempt at grading those hills, and indeed you might as well try to grade the hillocks of bind. The cable cars all the special purchased the same that the special to the complete the country of the country of the cable cars have for all practical purchased the street. They turn corners almost at right angles, cross other lines, and for aught I know may rim up the sides of houses. There is no visible agency of their flight, but once in a while you shall pass a five storied building humming with machinery that winds up an evariasting wire cable, the ground for many miles, and if for two-ponce halfpenny I can ride in that car, why shall issek the reasons of the miresel. Hather let me look out of the windows lill the chops give place to thousands and thous

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ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE; TRUE INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD. F. H. Rovell, New York,

great in the world are in this book, which seems to have been made to show boys that a man need not

MORE ABOUT THE PERFECT MAN

Sonorous Echoes of One of the Sunday Herald's Symposiums.

NEW SCIENCE OF "ETHOLOGY."

Herald Readers Want a Yet Wider and Closer Comparison of the Views

of Great Minds

The replies of great thinkers to the question "What are the qualities essential to the develop-ment of the perfect man," given in the Sanday HERALP, seem to have only stimulated the appetite of readers for more.

The perspective of the thome broadens as it is Later correspondents write as follows :-

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AMERICA'S OWN PROBLEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
Your question of last Sunday's issue, "What are the qualities most essential to the development of the; erfect man," has been read, I think, with more interest than most of the questions of the day, for it is not only a burning one, but one of parameter importance to all of us.

We have on our hands at present, I believe, to educate, train, develop and bring up in in the way he should go a young man who is already accounted a predigy and whose birthday in 1894 we call upon all the nations of the earth to celebrate.

That young America in his rapid growth may not by any possible mischance fall to develop into the man possessing all perfect qualities must be the first prayer of every citizen of the Republic.

Let us find out, then, these much desired perfections. I sincerely hope that the brief article of the 4th inst., in which half a dozen gentlemen of note in England and as many in America have kindly answered the question, may be only a first installment.

answered the question, may be only a first instalment.

MORE OPINIONS CALLED FOR.

Why not let the query echo round the world. Let us hear from the wise men of the East, to say nothing of the enterprising men of the West.

What will Italians, Germans, Freechmen reply to the query? Every man who has a son ought to be willing to answer and every one who is interested in the welfare of the human race will consider it his duty to do so. "To despair of America is to despair of humanity," says Archdeacon Farrar.

The replies thus far elicited are admirable; one rises from their perusal refreshed and invigorated. The longest ones, those by Oswald Crawford and Mr. Dana, are brilliant; the shortest ones are good and the two or three that tell the secret in a word are of the very best.

"Truth," according to Professor Max Muller, is the secret.

"Sympathy" is Chief Balfour's most powerful motive.

"A vood divestion." writes Lord Churchill.

motive.

"A good digestion," writes Lord Churchill, and to this should cortainly be awarded the prize; the greatest thing in this world is the stomach—that is to say, health.

greatest thing in this world is the stomach—that is to say, health.

The one condition, according to Mr. Grant Allen, essential to the proper development of a human being is a sound, equally balanced, beautiful body, and he noes onto prove it by showing that he means health, strongth, enjoyment and morality. Among the answers giving a combination of qualities several are striking or characteristic, governor Hoadly, for his perfect man, requires five qualities—courage, truth, imagination, unself-ishness and tact. Mr. Depewmentions casually the old threefold combination—physical perfection, moral perfection and intellectual perfection.

Archdeacon Farrar's ideal summed up is a vigorous body, a well stored mind, a pure imagination and spirituality.

the world and obtain a few thousand answers in addition to the tweive or fifteen already published?

A UNIQUE COMENTION.

To THE EDITON OF THE HERALD:—
In yours of Sunday you publish the opinions of several distinguished gontemen on both sides of the Atlantic in answer to your query of "What constitutes the perfect man?"

Of necessity, this is a question difficult in the extreme to answer. As Mr. Depew so nicely puts it, he must indeed be an egotist and a consummata one at that, who would undertake to reply with the presumed ability of doing the query justice.

Now the man perfect as we moderns would depict him is he who nearly approaches the Chestaricial that we are endeavoring to analyze, but far desper—to pierce the thin crust of civilization, lay bare the inner man.

Before civilization was and coeval with all time—that is, time recorded—there must have been one who had approached in the degree to this our perfect man. He it was who ruled those beneath him in dignity of mion and deportment. Ever will it be and must be, matter shall allways be subservient to mind.

We cannot, according to the record of our fathor and our own, and a living beauty compared in the figure to the state of the Vocuus de Milo; so it with our conceptions—words or pencil are to meagra to porniny.

But let me here take my congl. My estimation the man perfect, mundanely speaking, is—One wil can feel another's wee, one who, when right, can not yield to wrong.

In fact, one

"Whom all the muses decked."

fact, one
"Whom all the muses decked."
All comprehensive tenderness,
All subditing intellect.
He who plants the food so firm.
So as to crush the snake, yet apare the worm. P. S. -if we had the mental calibre of Cardina Mazzafanti superimposed upon our own J. L. Suit van we might in a degree approach a perfect man (GEORGE MANNING.

BEST HE COULD DO.

Strawber-Thomas Jefferson, I just heard that you sold your vote for \$2 at the last election. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Thomas Jefferson-Well, sah, dat's all I could get.

STILL LIFE.

She (admiring a landscape)-Where did you find the scone of this gem of still life? He-In Philadelphia.